

# THE HOME CIRCLE PAGE

EDITED BY LILIAN CRAIGEN ADAMS



## Lenten Girl Does Real Work Now

### Visits Hospitals and Reads To Invalids Instead of Laboring for Far Away Heathen

Only upon a time not many years ago the Lenten girl felt that she had done all that could be required of her when she went to afternoon church services each day, and once a week repaired with others of her kind to the meeting of a missionary society, the purpose of which was to make pink singhams for the heathen.

Neither of these occupations occupied her great distress of mind. In church she sat like a stained glass panel with a ray of sunlight caught in the meshes of her hair, and wondered which of her suitors would be at the door to walk home with her when the benediction had been said.

At the meeting of the missionary society she secured buttons on the wrong side of the aforesaid pink aprons, using a gold thimble for the

purpose, and languidly discussed the town's gossip with her next door neighbor. Once the hour of sewing was over, out she bounded like a young gazelle and lightly forgot the heathen until the next meeting.

But that was before the social conscience had been awakened. That was before it was recognized that the heathen in your own city is just as important as the one near Greenland's icy mountain or in India's coral strand, and just as much to be cared for.

Since this fact has been put before her with some force the Lenten young woman has revised her activities during that period. Now she tries to be of real use in the world.

For instance, one has made arrangements to visit a hospital for crippled children three times a week

during Lent and read to the little patients as they lie, hour after hour, strapped to braces, encased in steel, stretched on pulleys, in their little white beds.

They have plenty of food and comfortable clothes; all of the things that the hospital can give them indeed, these sufferers, but entertainment, and what they want is entertainment. They want to have their minds taken off their troubles; they want the amusement that the hard-driven nurses have no time to give them. It is here that the Lenten girl steps in. She has gathered together the most wonderful books to read to the youngsters, she has provided herself with papers with things to cut out of scissors; with needles and worsteds for sewing cardboard patterns. And while she reads aloud she is going to

## IT'S THE GOGGLE AGE

### Everyone Now Wears Tortoise Shell Bins and the Expression of a Benevolent Cow

Who was responsible for this fad, anyway? That is what most of us who are disapproving would like to know.

You have a friend named Emily. Emily is short-sighted—in more ways than one—and so she wears eyeglasses of the most refined, without rim of any sort, you understand, without a ribbon, with a nose-piece as inconspicuous as metal can be. In other words she tries to conceal the fact that she must have lenses before her eyes in order to see properly.

Thus Emily two months ago.

Today you observe coming down the street toward you a young person hid behind a pair of enormous goggles. The lenses of these disfiguring articles are bound with broad bands of some dark substance, supposedly tortoise shell. Two thick pieces of the same extend from the lenses across the sides of the brow over the ear and disappear into the hair. A great ridge of some same rests on the bridge of the nose.

You observe this person without any other emotion than a faint feeling of wonder that she could have done it and so you are totally unprepared to have her greet you cheerily when you come abreast of her.

Not to keep the reader in suspense—the girl of the goggles is Emily, disguised in this modern and quite up-to-date fashion.

"Emily!" you gasp, "do you think you are justified?"

"I do," she answers calmly, "they are the latest thing in eyeglasses. 'But they hide your face.'"

"It is the price I have to pay," she

answers and turns away. Thereafter you find that your dentist, your clergyman, your physician, your music teacher, your cousins, your sisters and your aunts wear goggles. To some of these they are be-



The girl of the goggles is Emily. Counting but all of these individuals look as if they were disguising themselves for some dark purpose, which you have not as yet been able to fathom.

The question of the hour is, how far will this fad go? Will the garbage man take to wearing goggles and empty cans wearing the expression of a benevolent cow? Will the policeman? Will the postman?

Alas, there is grave danger of this, for all that's bottled is not tortoise shell, and there are many imitations that are quite as ugly!

## THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER SAYS

ture before it is put in the frying pan either the tips of canned asparagus or cooked chicken livers cut fine, or mushrooms, or grated cheese, or tomatoes, or oysters, or ham, or bacon, or sardines.

In other words, almost any left-over found in the refrigerator may be combined with eggs to make an appetizing and satisfying dish.

The eggs with fine herbs which are so frequently found in French restaurants are made by adding a heaping tablespoonful of minced parsley, chives and tarragon to eight well-beaten eggs, mixing before putting into the hot butter.

For baked eggs with cheese make toast and hollow the slices slightly in the center. Mix grated cheese to a paste with milk and spread over the toast. Arrange on a stoneware platter, break an egg over each slice, sprinkle with more cheese, and place in a hot oven until the eggs are set.

Eggs a la Maitre d'Hotel, she says, are delicious and easily prepared. Cut hard-boiled eggs into slices, arrange on toast and pour over them a sauce made of half a cupful of melted butter, the juice of half a lemon and a teaspoonful of minced parsley.

For eggs a la Aurore sometimes known as eggs Beauregard, make a cream sauce and add to it the shredded whites of six hard-boiled eggs. Spread on heavily buttered toast, and rub the yolks through a sieve, sprinkling each slice of toast with the powdered yolk.



Three times a week during Lent she read to the little patients.

What as eggs will probably appear conspicuously on the menus in many homes during the next forty days, it will not be out of place to discuss here ways of cooking them.

She says that there is nothing more delicious than scrambled eggs as a piece de resistance for either breakfast or luncheon if they are properly cooked. To serve them hard and dry is, in her opinion, not the proper way, however. For each egg used she suggests adding a tablespoonful of cream if this is to be had; if it is not a tablespoonful of rich milk, the "top of bottle" sort. The eggs should be beaten thoroughly before the milk or cream is added, and then beaten again. The mixture should be seasoned with pepper and salt and cooked in a very hot pan in which a tablespoonful of butter has been brought to the smoking point. They should be stirred constantly while cooking, and when they are thick and creamy, but not curdled or dry, they should be served on toast which has been seasoned with a little hot milk.

Believe us as they are prepared by this method, they may be improved by adding to the egg and milk mix-

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## LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

### A Stiff Jab

HERE was once a certain Young Man who started a whole lot he couldn't finish by Feeling Sorry for himself. But for a Stiff Jab that came along at the Right Time it might have finished him. And it happened thusly:

Our Hero's wife, you see, had Ideas, which is to say that she wanted to Put Up a Front no matter what was Inside the Baywindow. She believed in Bills—when the Ready Cash wasn't At Hand. Also, every now and then there were certain Expenditures which just had to be made. Money or no Money, such, for example, as the Come-Back for certain Social Entertainments received.

But the Fault was not all the Wife's. He, too, was Loose with his Change. He had Got Tied Up to several Bully Stiers and had to Keep On putting up his Ante.

And he Worried. Things didn't seem to Break Right, so he began to think of himself as an Unlucky Guy. And right there was where he committed to Spill the Beans. It Grew on him, his developed a Dark Outlook.

That's what he had Expected didn't come a certain investment which had Promised Large and Fat Wriggle out the Small End of the Horn, and an Aunt died and left all her Money to Charity.

So, all in all, he presently reached the Stage of Feeling Sorry for himself. And that, of course, was the Beginning of the End. A while—only a Little While, mind you—and he was asking himself "What's the Use?"

His Favorite Indoor Sport was to join his head down on his elbow, Registering Despair, Sorrow, Helplessness and Heartache, and to Sympathize with himself.

Such a Frame of Mind, of course, gets Worse as time goes on. And presently the Poor Boob finds himself Woofy on that Subject. All too frequently it is Followed by the Mania of Persecution—that is, the Victim believes Everybody has it In for him and is trying to Slam him for the Count.

But, fortunately, the good old Stiff Jab came along for Our Hero before he reached that Stage. And said Jab happened to come in the person of his own Father who had been Looking for a long time wondering What the Deuce was the Matter.

Now Father had been Through the Mill himself in his younger days. He still bore a Few Scars, and was Maimed a Bit from Going over the Jumps.

One day he got hold of Son and made him Come Across. Son did. Then the Old Man cut loose. He handed it out with a Full Swing, too. It was Some Jab.

First he took up the Question of Expenditures. There are but Two Occasions when you can take a Chance and Spend Money, said Father; one is when you Have It, and the other, when you know you're going to Have it. If you can keep your Earnings ahead of your Expenditures, so much the better. But if it's the Other Way Round, then the only thing to do is to Plug Away at those Earnings until they are Equal to the Demands made upon them.

Some men, said Pa, find this latter course a real Incentive to Extra Effort; but Son, he added, wasn't that Sort of a Guy. Wherefor, the Only Thing for him to do was to Cut Down on both himself and Friend Wife.

Then, no man ever Makes a Ten-Strike unless he Believes he can do it. If you haven't Apparent Confidence in yourself, no one else will have. Think Hard Luck, look it, put it, and, b'gosh, you're going to Get It!

A Real Man is so Darn Busy getting Action that he hasn't Time to Feel Sorry for himself. He may kind of Hesitate once in a while, but he's got to Get Busy and Fight if he hopes to Get It Across.

The Mental Attitude has Much to do with the Outcome of a Venture, the Climb to Success and the Making of a Career. And no man who deliberately chooses to think he has a Jellyish ring his Spine ought to be ever Rings the Bell.

A whole lot more Dope like this Father handed out. And it Worked. Son running true to Form after a while. Which, you see, is a Happy Ending to this Mournful Little Chronicle. But, also, there's a Moral.

To-wit: If you must Feel Sorry, Feel Sorry for the Other Fellow!

## The Townbreds and their Country Place

By Edward Riddle Padgett

Spreading the Glad Tidings

If a man gets hold of a good investment, he doesn't cry it from the housetops and invite all his friends to come in. Nor if he comes across something which may be his for nothing does he publish the fact broadcast for others to profit thereby. And if trouble comes his way he does not endeavor to involve others.

But—if he owns and occupies a place in the country, straightway he must inveigle a friend or two in the city to go and do likewise!

Why?

Not even those who do that very thing can tell you?

And Mr. Townbred has no exception to the rule. In substantiation of which statement, witness the following incident, but a week old:

Across from the Townbreds' house and ten acres at Five Oaks, a neighbor, Mr. Shockey, had erected a seven-room-and-bath bungalow as a speculation. Complete from roof-tree to cellar, it was now awaiting a purchaser.

So Mr. Townbred picked out the Smithsons, perfectly good friends who had never in all their lives done a single thing to him. And it was all arranged that they should arrive at the Five Oaks station on the five o'clock car the other Saturday afternoon, where Mr. Townbred and John, the hired man, were to meet them with the survey.

But, alas, the Smithsons, mistaking the hour, arrived at four. Neither Mr. Townbred nor John were there to meet them. Also, it was raining hard, a cold driving, gusty rain; and, without a very wet one.

They waited—and waited—and waited, standing as far back as possible in the little cheese-box station to avoid the driving rain. Mr. Smithson said things under his breath; and Mrs. Smithson under wished she, too, had been born a man.

Finally, they set out for the Townbred place, he recalling directions as Mr. Townbred had once given them to him. Through the rain and the

usual state of morning lassitude. As a rule, they didn't begin to really work until about ten; and this morning, when they seemed particularly indigent to the duty of a conscientious heating stove. The whole house was cold—compared to a city apartment. That the Townbreds seemed not uncomfortable served but to exaggerate their misery.

After breakfast—during which Mr. Townbred pointed out every last thing on the table which had been raised on his place—they reluctantly donned

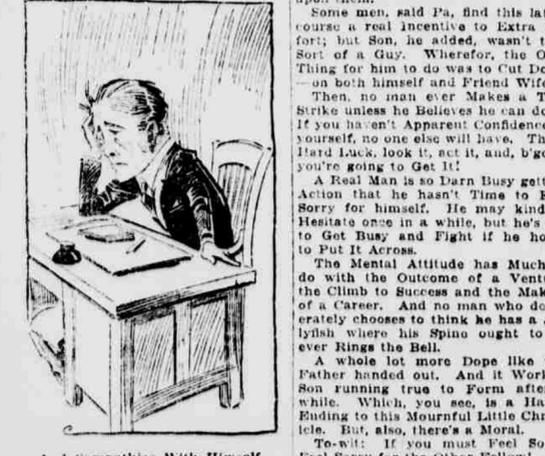
art which you acquire only after you have lived in the country. Presently the conversation lagged—and—and—and—

"What do you do with yourself all day?" asked Smithson.

"Huh!" Mr. Townbred, for the moment, was taken off his guard. "Oh," he hastened to explain, "we go to church sometimes and—and fool with the chickens and feed the pigs and—and just sit around."

"I don't see how you ever adapted yourself to it so quickly, my dear," said Mrs. Smithson to Mrs. Townbred sweetly. "And you two used to go so much when you lived in the city. Don't you miss it, sometimes?"

Mrs. Townbred maintained stoutly that she did not. And, further, that she had so many things to attend to each day—things of real interest—



And Sympathize With Himself.

low that Mr. Shockey had built; with particular emphasis upon the fact that they would be "right across the road," and Mrs. Townbred and Mrs. Smithson could have such good times driving about the country together and taking part in the many social activities of the neighborhood. The Smithsons agreed that the prospect was alluring—the "neighborly" side of it.

The next morning, Sunday, the Smithsons discovered a few things. Now Mr. Smithson had often heard of breaking ice in a water-pitcher, but had always considered it more or less of a joke. That morning, however, he found it decidedly no joke. And Mrs. Smithson declared that, had she the choice, she would vastly prefer to dress on their fire-escape than in the room they occupied—since it would be warmer. And Smithson discovered anew all the pleasures of shaving in ice cold water.

Downstairs, the fires were in their



He spoke of the Spring and the rapture of digging in the earth.

coats and overshoes and crossed the road to the bungalow.

It was pretty; there was no denying that. And convenient and well arranged—and—a bargain at the price.

But—

"If we only had it in town, or just on the outskirts, it'd be great!" was the way Mr. Smithson phrased.

"Or if we occupied it only in summer," was his wife's more practical opinion.

They returned to the Townbred domicile. Usually the Sunday papers were delivered at their door by ten o'clock; but—on this of all Sundays!—something happened and they failed to appear.

Not knowing, Smithson asked for them. And Mr. Townbred explained. Also, Mrs. Smithson found the open-fire most picturesque; but she simply couldn't manage it so that the side of her next the fire wasn't burning up while the other side was freezing—an

## Cheap Prizes for a Lenten Card Party

THE members of a card club which has been meeting all winter decided that during Lent it would do away with the handsome prizes which each hostess had been giving the winners, and devote the money thus saved to some charitable purpose.

One hostess, however, made up her mind that she must have prizes of some sort, be they ever so humble. She therefore went to a 10-cent store and there bought a lot of trifles which were useful if not particularly beautiful, and which were heartily wel-

